

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

*Pro.* Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death, And to transport him in the minde he is, Were damnable.

*Pro.* Heere in the prison, Father,

There died this morning of a cruell Feauot,

One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,

A man of *Claudius*' yeares; his beard, and head

Iust of his colour. What if we do omit

This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,

And satisfie the Deputie with the visage

Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudius*?

*Duke.* Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:

Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on

Prefix by *Angelo*: See this be done,

And sent according to command, while I

Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Pro.* This shall be done (good Father) presently:

But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,

And how shall we continue *Claudius*,

To saue me from the danger that might come,

If he were knowne aliuē?

*Duke.* Let this be done,

Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudius*,

Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting

To yond generation, you shall finde

Your safetie manifested.

*Pro.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*

Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,

(The Prouost he shall beare them) whose contents

Shall witness to him I am neere at home:

And that by great Iniunctions I am bound

To enter publikely: him Ile desire

To meet me at the consecrated Fount,

A League below the Citie: and from thence,

By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,

We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

*Enter Friar.*

*Pro.* Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

*Duke.* Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,

For I would commune with you of such things,

That want no care, but yours.

*Pro.* Ile make all speede.

*Isabella* with him.

*Isa.* Peace hoa, be heere.

*Duke.* The tongue of *Isabella*. She's come to know,

If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:

But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,

To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,

When it is least expected.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isa.* Hoa, by your leave.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, faire, and gracious

daughter.

*Isa.* The better giuen me by so holy a man,

Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, *Isabella*, from the world,

His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

*Isa.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other.

Shew your wisdom daughter in your close patience.

*Isa.* Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isa.* Vnhappie *Claudius*, wretched *Isabella*,

Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,

Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,

Marke what I say, which you shall finde

By euery fillable a faithful veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,

One of our Couent, and his Confessor

Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried

Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,

Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,

There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wil,

In that good path that I would wish it go,

And you shall haue your bosome on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,

And general Honor.

*Isa.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,

'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:

Say, by this token, I desire his companie

At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours

Ile perfect him withall, and he shall bring you

Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*

Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,

I am combin'd by a sacred Vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eies

With a light heart; trust not my holie Order

If I peruert your course: whose heere?

*Enter Lucia.*

*Luc.* Good'euen;

Frier, where's the Prouost?

*Duke.* Not within Sir.

*Luc.* Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart,

to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine

to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my

head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would ser mee

too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.

By my troth *Isabella* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan-

tastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had

liued.

*Duke.* Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding

to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

*Luc.* Frier, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I

do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

*Duke.* Well: you'll answer this one day, Fare ye well.

*Luc.* Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,

I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

*Duke.* You haue told me too many of him already if

if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a Wench

with childe.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Luc.* Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it,

They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

*Duke.* Sir your companie is fairer then honest, rest you

well.

*Lucio.* By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:

if baudy talke offend you, we'l haue very litle of it: nay

Frier, I am a kind of Burre, I shall sticke.

*Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Angelo & Escalus.*

*Esc.* Every Letter he hath writ, hath dishonour'd other.

*Ang.*

*An.* In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re- liuer ou rauthorities there?

*Esc.* I ghesse not.

*Ang.* And why should wee proclaim it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Esc.* He shewes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heere- after, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

*Ang.* Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd be- times i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of fort and suite as are to meete him.

*Esc.* I shall fir: fareyouwell.

*Ang.* Good night.

This deede vnshapen me quite, makes me vnpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd

The Law against it? But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden losse,

How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,

For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,

That no particular scandall once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should haue siu'd,

Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense

Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge

By so receiving a dishonor'd life

With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued,

Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,

Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Duke and Frier Peter.*

*Duke.* These Letters at fit time deliuer me, The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,

The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction

And hold you euer to our speciall drift,

Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that,

As cause doth minister: Go call at *Flavia*'s house,

And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice

To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craspin*,

And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:

But send me *Flavius* first.

*Peter.* It shall be speeded well.

*Duke.* I thank thee *Varrinus*, thou hast made good hast,

Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends

Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrinus*.

*Exit.*

### Scena Sexta.

*Enter Isabella and Mariana.*

*Isa.* To speak so indirectly I am loath, I would say the truth, but to accuse him so

That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it

He saies, to vaile full purposes.

*Mar.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isa.* Besides he tel

He speake against me

I should not thinke it

That's bitter, to sweet

*Enter*

*Mar.* I would Frier

*Isa.* Oh peace, the

*Peter.* Come I hau

Where you may haue

He shall not passe you

Twice haue the Trum

The generous, and gra

Haue hent the gates,

The Duke is entring:

Therefore hence away

### Actus Quintus.

*Enter Duke, Varrinus*

*Citizen*

*Duk.* My very wo

Our old, and faithfull f

*Ang.* *Esc.* Happy re

*Duk.* Many and ha

We haue made enqui

Such goodnesse of you

Cannot but yeeld you

Forerunning more req

*Ang.* You make m

*Duk.* Oh your defer

To locke it in the war

When it deserues with

A fortified residence 'gai

And rasure of obliuion

And let the Subiect fee

That outward curtesie

Fauours that keepe wi

You must walke by vs

And good supporters;

*Enter Peter*

*Peter.* Now is your

Speake loud, and kneel

*Isa.* Iustice, O roya

Vpon a wrong'd (I we

Oh worthy Prince, dis

By throwing it on any

Till you haue heard m

And giuen me Iustice,

*Duk.* Relate your w

In what, by whom? be

Here is Lord *Angelo* sh

Reuale your selfe to h

*Isa.* Oh worthy D

You bid me seeke rede

Heafe me your selfe: f

Must either punish m

Or wring redresse fro

Hear me: oh heare m

*Ang.* My Lord, her

She hath bin a suitor t

Cut off by course of I

*Isa.* By course of I

*Ang.* And she will